

# ODDS AND ENDS.

Sewing as a business is an exacting and exhausting occupation. Long hours, fine work, poor light, unhealthy atmosphere—these are only some of the things which fret the nerves and hurt the general health. Often there is a diseased condition of the womanly organism which causes backache or headache and the working of the sewing machine under such conditions is akin to torture.

Thousands of women who work have written grateful letters to Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has cured their womanly ills and established their general health. "Favorable mention" has been made of his healthful and effective medicine in the healthiest and most reliable of all newspapers. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free, and to avoid the intricate, questioning, offensive examinations and manipulations local treatments deemed necessary by some physicians. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.**

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
The hopes of youth, the fears of old,  
There's nothing true but heaven  
And false the light on cloys' plume,  
As fading hues of even,  
And love and hope and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Four wanderers on a stormy day,  
From wave to wave were driven,  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
Serve but to light the troubled way;  
There's nothing calm but heaven!

—Thomas Moore.

**THE EGOIST.**  
The Story of a Phonograph.

Cecil Arthur Dorely could not understand why he made no progress with Mary Barclay. His position as the chief dispenser of pills and postage stamps in the biggest drug store of a country town had given him an exaggerated idea of his own importance. He was not a particularly bad looking young man, but was very conceited in his manner. His broad, high forehead was surmounted by his carrot colored hair brushed in a pompadour; his eyes, a light blue, were lacking in strength and expression, and his dress was just a trifle too flashy for the station in life he had been called upon to fill. To crown all, he owned a horse and buggy—that charmed possession which in rural communities so enhances one's prestige with the eligible young ladies. Cecil, who was not a bad fellow at heart, had kept the girls of Rossville and their anxious mothers guessing for a long time, and the news that he had been offered a managerial job in a clothing store did not lessen his feminine interest in him. He used to ride around the circle of Rosville femininity and select whom he would go to "buggy riding" with him on a Sunday afternoon. There was one young lady in the town who resisted Dorely's wiles, or, rather, those of his horse and buggy, and the prospect of a partnership in a partnership, and she it was whom Cecil, with no other motive at first than perversity, determined to win.

One day he decided on a grand attack upon the fortress of Mary's heart. He wrote for permission to call on a certain evening, and received it. Thus encouraged, he awaited the event which would mark him victor or vanquished. He sincerely hoped for the former; he dreaded the latter. He sought to embellish his language with quotations from the poets and studied the most effective manner in which to exploit his many enviable qualities.

It is, therefore, needless to say that when he called on her he talked principally about himself. He was, however, quite puzzled at the sudden and energetic interest that Mary seemed to manifest in all that he said; but, encouraged by it, he soared into giddy heights of eloquent self-exploitation. He wound up the whole monologue with a passionate avowal of his love for Mary and an almost tearful entreaty for her heart and hand in return. Mary was generally interested in Cecil, and in consequence, he was the very last person in the world who would have suspected it. So she tried to simulate indifference by affecting a sort of platonic feeling for him. Such a regard, however, did not come up to Dorely's requirements, and when he objected to being side tracked from the main line of love to the siding of sisterly affection and demanded a direct response to his appeal, Mary showed an inclination to temporize. In brief, she asked him to call upon her a week later, and if, after mature consideration, he were of the same mind, she might think the matter over seriously. Dorely protested that his present frame of mind was not the result of a sudden impulse, but the full blown passion which she had planted in his bosom with the first glance of her eyes long ago. He vowed that the end of this world and his love unaltered and unaltered—all of which he had read in "How to Propose, or Every Man His Own Lovemaker." Mary, however, remained firm, and Dorely went back to his pills and plasters. It would be vain to describe the battles fought between hope and fear, exultation and despair, in the young drug clerk's brain during that week. He was sustained somewhat by his moderate vanity, but beneath all lay the suspicion, ever so faint, perhaps, that Mary had been laughing at him. When poor Dorely pulled the bell handle of the Barclay house on the appointed night, he was so full of nervous uncertainty that his knees trembled and his heart seemed to throb his ribs in the very terror of doubt.

The door was opened by Mary, who received him with such a pleased look and cordial pressure of her soft, warm hand that his conceit, coward that it was, as soon as it believed all danger to be passed, mounted again to the most conspicuous heights and crowded more lustily than before. The magic of her glance transformed him from the suppliant to the prince, and he strutted across the hall to the drawing room and seated himself in the best chair prepared to receive homage from the girl.

Mary expressed great joy at his kindness in calling and archly confessed that she had suffered not a little fear that something might detain him. These delicate compliments caused Cecil considerable chest expansion, and when Mary humbly begged to be excused for a few minutes while she attended her mother, who was ill, he granted her the brief respite with almost royal graciousness. When she had gone Cecil picked up a magazine and was complacently perusing its

prosy and academic pages when he was startled by the sound of voices in the same room with himself. He looked about quickly and, seeing no one, experienced a sensation of fear. As the sounds proceeded Dorely sat in mute amazement. For a moment he suspected that he was going mad. He was superstitious, but gists, according to his way of thinking, always manifested themselves to the eyes rather than the ears and with shrouds rather than dialogues. There was something uncanny in the sounds, too, as if issuing from a metal casket. Dorely would have attempted an investigation, but very few held him rooted to the chair. He could not escape, and he began to feel that he had been selected by some restless spirits as the custodian of their confidences. The sound of the voices at first seemed like an echo of something he had heard before, and this circumstance deepened his perplexity. The conversation seemed to be between a man and a woman. The man's tones were imperious, those of the woman half flattering, half conciliatory. "You know men are such deceivers," the voice was saying. "You play with a woman's heart as a child does with a toy. Then you look for another that is newer to you, though perhaps not to some others, and another fellow, who perhaps has thrown aside and bruised the heart that you pick up, comes along and picks up the very heart that you have thrown aside."

A soft laugh of tolerant condescension followed this speech.

"Oh, that's the old story with women," replied the man. "you are all wrong, you don't understand man. Your feminine minds can't grasp the depth and breadth of his nature. I have tried often to make some woman swear with me to loftier realms of thought, but I have never found one to sympathize with my poetic or artistic moods."

Here a soft little sigh, like a zephyr touching the maple leaves, stole across the room, and then the imperious tones resumed:

"I know women. I've seen a good deal of life. Didn't I live more than a year in New York?"

The periphrastic stood in beads in the direction of the voices and clutched the arms of the chair in which he sat. It seemed like a nightmare. The echo was getting clearer and clearer. He hated the dream sound, but felt that he must suffer the ordeal to the end. And memory told him that the end was yet a long way off and the path there full of thorns of humiliation and shame for him. He began to feel like a disembodied spirit that stands beside its erstwhile prison and contemplates with horror the ravages that delinquency has wrought on its once beautiful form. But through the nightmare he was sustained by the sweet reflection that he was not irreclaimable and that this scourging was at worst only a severe lesson from which he would emerge a better man.

The imperious tones of the man and the conciliatory, even pleading, tones of the woman went on. With deep humiliation he followed the mysterious dialogue to the crowning point of his own shame. He could hear the soft, soliloquy tones of the woman leading the man on to make a fool of himself. And he heard the man following with braggadocio and bombast right up to the very pitfall that had been prepared for him. The grandiloquent and preposterous phrases in which a proposal was next couched struck him as being so comically conventional that he would have laughed aloud had not the humiliating reflection of his own conduct covered him instead with shame. Then he heard a sweet voice asking him to think it over and then come back in a week, if he were still of the same mind. Even then he did not realize the truth. He wondered if he were not asleep and this a awful dream. The volume that he had been holding fell from his knee and startled him. He put his hand to his forehead and brushed the beads of perspiration away and said: "Thank God, it was a dream."

At that moment Mary entered the room and smilingly apologized for keeping him waiting. She drew a hassock over to him, and, seating herself, upon it and looking up in his eyes, said: "I'm awfully sorry I kept you waiting, Arthur; I know you must have been so lonely. But there—she stopped suddenly and knitted her brows—"I really believe you have been asleep and dreaming. You look it, quite."

The poor young man took her hand in both his own and looked fixedly at her. "I don't know whether I've been asleep or not, but I certainly must have been dreaming—such a horrid dream—and he passed his hand quickly over his eyes as if to wipe away the last traces of a nightmare. Then he took her hand again. "Mary," he said slowly, "you told me to come back tonight if I were still of the same mind as when I was here last. I have come to tell you that I am not of the same mind."

Mary looked surprised and would have spoken, but Dorely broke in quickly: "It is not that I don't love you as much as ever—aye, a great deal more than ever before—but I feel that I have been a fool; that I'm not worthy of you, and that it was a presumption for me to ask you to marry me. I believe that I can be a more modest and sensible man, and that I want you to give me the opportunity to prove it before giving me your answer."

Mary's answer was worthy of her brain and her heart:

"Arthur," she said, "what you have said proves that you are all right, and I'll take you on faith." Next morning the photograph was sent back to town, it having succeeded in eliminating forever the capital "I" from the personality of Cecil Arthur Dorely, and the fact of it was that Cecil thought he did it himself.—Chicago Times Herald.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Facsimile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*  
NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**RIPANS**  
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Reading some of the testimonials in *Ripans* Tablets, I tried them. *Ripans* Tablets only relieved but actually cured my headache. The headache has disappeared, my good condition and he never complains stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy, and enjoying the best of health and spirits. I am satisfied that they will benefit any of the cradle to old age if taken according to directions.

My seven-year-old son suffered with his head, stomach and complaining stomach. He set like children's age do and we did not get along with him. He and a sister *Ripans* Tablets. She keeps a few cartons *Ripans* Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indication which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the *Ripans* Tablets, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits. I am satisfied that they will benefit any of the cradle to old age if taken according to directions.

ANTON H. BLAUER.

**THE LEADING PAPER OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PACIFIC COAST CHRONICLE**

**THE DAILY**  
Only \$6.70 a Year.

**The Weekly Chronicle**  
Only \$1.50 a Year.

Sample copy sent free.

The *Chronicle* publishes the greatest newspaper in the United States. The *Chronicle* has no equal on the Pacific Coast. It leads all in ability, enterprise and news.

The *Chronicle's* Telegraphic Reports are the most complete and reliable in the world. It is the most complete and reliable in the world. It is the most complete and reliable in the world.

**DO YOU WANT THE CHRONICLE Reversible Map?**

Showing the United States, Dominions of Canada and Northern Mexico on ONE SIDE.

**Map of the World**

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

**\$1000 in Gold FREE**  
**A \$950 PIANO FREE**

The Gentlewoman of New York City

**\$1000 in Gold** Given Away Free  
**A \$950 PIANO**

We send our complete and new 1910 for Gold and Piano. The Gold and Piano are of the highest quality and great assurance of value. The Gold and Piano are of the highest quality and great assurance of value.

**THE GENTLEWOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY**

**Send for a Catalogue of the HOLMES and BONVILLE SYSTEM**

English Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy.

Attend this POPULAR, PRACTICAL, PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL

414 Yamhill St. PORTLAND, OR.

**Florence Real Estate Agency.**

Do You Want a Home in Western Oregon?  
Come to Florence and see the fine farms and beautiful forests in the Siuslaw valley.

Do You Want a Ranch?  
Do You Want Unimproved Land?  
Do You Want Town Lots?  
Do You Want Timber Lands?

WE BUY AND SELL ALL KINDS OF REAL ESTATE ON COMMISSION.

JOHN C. BECK, Pt. Terrace, Oregon.  
W. H. WEATHERSON, Florence, Oregon.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, March 15, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 2, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1891, Burt Warren of Portland, county of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 149, for the purchase of the ne1/4 of section No. 10, in Township No. 18 S., Range No. 2 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 29th day of March, 1901.

He names as witnesses: James E. Gibbons, J. H. Erwin, W. M. Vanit and John W. Sherman, all of Portland, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 29th day of March, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

**Three Desirable Stars in LITERATURE And The ARTS and SCIENCES Sold With THE WEST**

**Scientific American.**

None who are engaged in any of the mechanical pursuits can succeed without reading and studying this standard Magazine of Science and mechanical Arts. It is illustrated with all modern cuts of latest inventions in all the branches of mechanism, and its fund of knowledge is inseparably connected with inventors and mechanics. Sold with THE West at clubbing rates.

**THE COSMOPOLITAN.**

This monthly magazine is one of the best printed in this country, and to all subscribers at rates of great ability of all to pay. It is fine, attractive and presents the names of the authors as contributors. The reduced rates at this office.

**THE ARENA.**

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them. Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."

Such is the exalted motto of the Arena, and the entire contents of this monthly magazine are upon a plane and in keeping with its motto. The Arena's gallery of eminent thinkers is a group of interesting men and women, and their thoughts are worthy the consideration of all people. The Arena is sold with THE WEST.

**LOOK OVER THIS GROUND MAKE YOUR SELECTION.**

**THE WEST. FLORENCE**